The Hercules of Shinnecock.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

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capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love, mortal in foity."

The last miles fell sandy and Dalton had wondered, rather wearily, how much farther was his inn, when suddenly he saw the Hereules of Shinnecock, and knew that he had reached the goal of that day's spin, elerical young man. The Hercules looking down from his re"ideg pardon, sir, the 'osses bought to
pose doubtless fancied—if that carved wood be watered,' declared a voice with the
indeed holds the god's heart—that this superiority of a groom who condescends in indeed holds the god's heart-that this was but one more of the modern Centaurs of the hero, became a god in the true days

he looks down in mighty repose-summerdays of sketching artists who dream of canvases at the next exhibition which shall the canvases at the next exhibition which shall the young nan in the clerical coat address-tell of the changing colors of the little ing him, possibly with a sense that too much had been said. sketch of hill country of Shinnecock; autumn days of golfers, and less athletic folk; winter days and nights when rage possesses the sea and this image dreams perhaps of the gone time when it stood, buffeting the waves, defying them—bearing Here the host's hearty voice rose abov proudly the Ohio and its flag of the republic. Do inanimate things then sometimes fall a-dreaming? Do they indeed sometimes hold the nature of the creature the artist has striven to produce? So this "Now don't you need—" great block, carved by a forgotten sculptor, into the semblance of the hero as he was conceived in the Farnesian Hercules-reminiscent not only of its own past, but of all that Hercules knew and saw and did.

A tree overshadows the figure at some hours of the flitting day. "A perfect rural statue," philosophized Dulton in his uncritical mood, citting there on the inn steps, while the host mildly chattering of another day might have decried this cpinion; but now the low moon had taken up the pale twilight-had turned the dying light of day into a suffused yellowishness.

The dinner was long over; the last guest

had gone; and still Dalton eat there; and it was as if he were back in Andover reading Mr. Bohn's aid to English students of the Greek poets. It was to him as if there might appear suidenty out of the half moonlit spaces, the priests and the maidens; as if a prayer might go up to the god, as of many a twilight Hercules was besought in the old days on an isle of Greece. "I've refused \$500 for it," said the host.

"Eh," said Dalton, taking a meditative

pull of his pipe.

"The roads were sandy, weren't they," said the hest. "You'd had to gone to Southampton before you found another tayern. You like to know that this was an

Inn in 1745 on the King's highway."

But Dalton was not listening. He had left the gossipling host, and had strolled across the road and on under the shadow of the Hercules—where he paused for a musing moment—and, then, on toward the bay. How still it all was, after the town! How all the world seemed to be in retrospect and all the mythology again true. Would it hap-pen in the course of the cycle of Time, the Father—and the ever aging, yet eternal possessor of us and our moods—that men would come back to the mythology, the folk-lore, that peopled the seas and the forests and the stretches of meadow, with person-nlities that were not so improbable under this moon, by this lonely reach of bay, and the hilitops ranged against a darkish blue which the moon permitted but an occasional

regretfully turned back toward the shadowy

As he neared it suddenly wakeful he let his imagination go tripping. Again he saw that part of the varnished Greeks, vaguely true in his memory of those schoolboy's fancies between the studious moments of dig-ging out explanations of the agrist. The inn stood quiet, the lights out, the door ajar for the laggard guest, who hesitated looking up at the Hercules who seemed to express the verity the unknown carver had felt, even were this a copy. Now the moon omitted flaws; and this was the god looking down at his worshippers. Out of the past Dalton's wandering fancy brought these old Greeks, prayerful of Hercules, and then-

He started. Had be fainted, this expres sive eigh which had come out of the figure and then he heard, but not the gruff an awful voice of the hero raised to the instead, a low, feminine tone-possibly the of dryad, who still was in the trunk out of which the carver had wrought this invinci-ble figurehead of the good ship of another day. Yet there was that note promiseful of a human cause in the exclamation, which set all at once Dalton's faucies at red Quickly he stepped at the back of the Her cules where clinging as if for protection this caperhuman reposeful strength was figure slight, and yet human, which gave out a little dismayful cry, and drew r to the wooden block (yet is it not more?) and

"My dear young lady," said our young gentleman, "I certainly have no such in-tention. I beg you a thousand pardons." His voice may have reassured her for she now stepped out into the moonehine—a slight, girlish figure, in a costume the Greek ladies—not Sappho, nor her Peticles loved—ever would have dreamed of, though they indeed might approve of it, could they revisit this old earth, and if they know out of the gloomy realms of hades. Ah, are they there who laughed so lightly on earth. Who so loved pleasure's own dear self.

In her hand, the supplicant of the road-side god, dragged a wheel; a slight girl, with

that indefinable air of distinction, even in this startling and ludicrous moment. "You have seen me," she said, quickly, "I am not sure." he observed lightly, and

taking her appearance as a matter of course. "Well, you have." she declared gaining bravery at a certain note of admiration in his voice, which declared at once a victory In the first skirmish of acquaintanceship.
"You will not, sir, tell a soul."
"Not a soul," he declared. "Hercules and I alone know."

"Ah," she cried in dismay, "there they She pointed to the slope beyond the bridge;

and Dalton, looking, saw a vehicle approaching rapidly, and already heard its distant

'He will ask for me," said the aupplicant Hercules, for so Dalton regarded her. 'You must not let them know you've seen

'But,"- he began.

"I never shall forgive you."
"Well that's a terrible threat," said he.
But she now was hidden by the shielding Hercules, the wheel dragged into the shado while the wagon ever nearer, now creaked the bridge, and then crunched on the nd toward the Hercules. "Very well," said Dalton apostrophizing who seemed to answer with a "Thank you." Back to the inn he

went, while the two stout cobs and the buckcoard drew up, and a gruff voice cried: "Have you seen her?" "Are you addressing me, sir?" our ad-

venturer demanded. The speaker was now down by the buck-oard, followed by a thin young man in a clerical coat.

"A young lady, sir; on a wheel?"
"At this time?" said Dalton. "You don't Yes: I do mean alone," said the person

who seemed as trascible as the father Mr. Drew faces in Rosemary-fat, red-faced, even in that light; a man of 70, who had dented few of his whime, and never

"This is dreadful," the clerical young man colared in a precise elerical tone.

The other said, "It's -ble," and to Dal-

"We that are true lovers run into strange | ing at the part so suddenly thrust on him "My daughter, air."
"I thought so. And she has run away?"

How did you know, sir?" cried the other. "You said so."
"Did 1? I'll catch her. She didn't dare to take the train. That was watched—at Shinnecock, at Southampton, at Easthamp-ton. She must have come on her wheel."

'My dear uncle, I beg pardon," put in the

The master said several things-at cobs whose legs and hoofs evolution had made to wheels—if in very truth the Hercules lof Shinnecock holds some of the personality coat timidly put in deprecatory clauses. But the master's rage was not to be assert the here. suaged even by the complacent host, who suddenly appeared, lantern in hand. For-You know how this Hercules stands facing getting the dripping cobs, the angered father the inn, over against the meadow and the shimmering bay. All day, and all night tonholed the newcomer, whispering—as if he had not told Dalton at all—while the Herciles, who knew, watched across the way, saw Dalton standing by himself, and

> "It's very aggravating of my Cousin Amelia." "Oh, Amelia," quoth Dalton.
> "I trust, eir—you'll say nothing. Oh,
> beg your pardon, I know you won't."

"Now don't you need-" "Your best rye and water, ch? Come Paul"—to the clerical person—"have some whisky." "You know, sir, I don't-"

"But it's chilly-"
Dalton tipped his chair back, and waited, and wondered how Amelia felt there behind the Herculca; but neither she nor the Herrules said a word. He was surprised at him- in. I have a latchkey. They never will

slope carries your wheel half way up the next. "I was thinking," she said, "that

even't been introduced."
"By Hercules," he said. "You ride very "I do several things well. I ride a horse or a wheel. I don't golf so badly, Phil

"That's he, Phil. Is he worth while?"
"I don't know," said she. "He's very

"He ought to be." "To deserve-"

"You needn't go further," said Amelia.
"Your father, and your cousin—"
"Oh, Paul, isn't he horrid?"
"He impressed me as a very good young

"Too good."
"But Philip, I take it, isn't."
"How did you know. No, he's deliciously ad. That's why I like him, and papa. They don't generally approve of deliccusty had young men for their daughters, queth Dalton. "I think I know Philip-"

'His like, I mean. He has a very good allor; he knows the celebrities—the lady

"He's an utterly unprincipled young "So papa says."

"And he isn't worthy of such a charming little girl-'I'm not little."

"Who has to be watched."
"Do you think it would be better for to be watched?" "If I were the watcher-"
"Isn't the moonlight beautiful?" she Hu

gered over the adjective.
"What the moon shows is more so." "Oh, you say those things better than

"I should hope I did-the cub." "It's very strange—our being together— over these hills," Amelia said inconsequently. It wasn't nearly so much fun before."
"That is remarkably nalve—or crafty."

"I have lived 19 years, I told you."
"And I 40; we're just of an age, I believe. She made no answer to this; and now rather silently they wheeled on and on, and out of the hill country, and over the level to Southampton, and through the sleeping village, and beyond, and at last through a lodge gate leading to a far out red house with a glimmer of the sea beyond. They said some things I can wager you; but Dal ton never repeated them to me.
"This is the place," said she. "I can get



HIS VOICE MAY HAVE REASSURED HER, FOR SHE NOW STEPPED OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE.

self, at his very extraordinary conduct. The know. which the moon permitted but an occasional star to pierce.

For a full hour this sentimental fellow—not long out of his office—paced up and down the beach with his fancies; and then rather regretfully turned back toward the shadowy

"I am going to take a wheel in the moon tht," said Dalton, rising.
"I expect anything of an artist," said the host, wondering at the lack of curiosity in

'I am not an artist," Dalton expostulated "A poet, maybe" observed the host.
"I have never written," said Dalton

'The best ones never do," observed the "The best ones never do, observed the host, with penetration, while Dalton dragged out his wheel. "I'll leave the door un-latched" raid the host, watching his guest disappear toward the bridge. Then reflecting on the peculiarities of people who have enough money for wheels and excursions, he went in sleepily; and the scene lay still, save for the Hercules. But at last was a footfall down the road, and Dalton returned. The Hercules stood irresponsive, while the inn windows, which might have held so many eyes, seemed to watch, and ask why was our eccentric returned. He walked toward

the figure, and stopped. "The coast is clear," he said. But there was no answer, and then he looked behind the statue, and started, rubbing both eyes. Amelia had vanished, for so he had begun to call her. He whistled and looked up to he statue which seemed to smile dericto How could she have gone? And was this fair, after all that he had done? Then suddealy the figure seemed to give out real nad before surprised and attracted him "It was very good of you," she said, now epping about. "I couldn't resist tan-

stepping about. talizing you. It was childish of me-wasn's 'Not so much as your appearance here quoth Daiten. "I am going to escort you back. We can't wait here. The inn has eyes, and the Hercules can't protect you." "Was it he?" she said, looking up at the eat face. "But you are right." She was great face. on her wheel now, and Dalton following to the bridge, where he had left his own. "Of course," said he, "there is a man in

the case." There usually is," said she. 'I don't think it a laughing matter.

"Oh, and-"I was going to him." You are going back. When Mr. -

nraged gentleman-'When Mr. Fenuell returns he will find has been on a wild goose chase."
"I believe I am," said she.

'A what-"A goose."
"Well, perhaps," said Dalton, firmly. "But

now that you have put the matter in my hands. I intend to be obeyed." "I like your impertinence."
"And I you—but not your escapade."

"Why?" she said, putting a hand on his "You are too little a girl-not over 16." "Well, I like that, sir, I'm 19."
"Hurry," be interruped; "we must be

like the idea-to show papa that he was wrong. Fancy him returning and find-Her words now led to action; for she fol-

lowed Dalton, who suddenly had gained some sense of responsibility. He felt bound to get this entrancing little girl out of her scrape. had not expected that she would so easily. Again and again he looked at her trudging up the first slope. 'We will meet there," he said. "But-"Well?"
"You can't care so much for him."

"I was tired of monotony. Life is so "Oh, ho," cried Dalton. "You have been she said quietly. "But I don't Yes.

"In whose?" said he, evasively,
"In yours," she returned. "You have Yor!
taken it. You must bear the responsi-"If I were not a sort of guardian I be

ff my hands."

adventure is so much fun. Now it's

"That I could be tempted."
"Sir," she said, "you wouldn't dare. We'd

It's been awfully good of you-"John-Jack-Dalton, Amelia." "You call me Amelia.

"So your cousin Paul had the "I wish I might do it again, Amelia," said he then

I fear, for she pulled it away.
"I wish," said he, "that I were fascin-atingly wicked—like Philip." "You needn't," said Amelia. "I like etter-than Philip."

"Amelia," he said, retreating. "Pay us a visit. I'll say I met you-at he Leightons." "May I tomorrow?"

"If you don't object to the ride" "It's that Philip," said he.
"Don't mind. I detest him. Don't come

nearer. There, good night." And she was running up the drive. For a moment he esitated; and then he heard a door opening shutting Turning, he wheeled melancholily back

Near the Shinnecock reservation, he passed the buckboard. He made sure of that; if he were not noticed. He fancied their sur-prise when they had returned to find Amelia was there. The moon sent a last fading glow over the darkening landscape. Sev-eral times he dismounted, and sat on a height, and lit his pipe and dreamed; and finally the sun sent its first ghostly warn-ing of the daybreak, which spread over the hill and sea, the promise of God and love.

'Twas a long time for a chap to sit, senimentally, alone in the dark, you'll say but, then, mighty Shakespeare-whom nobody but the clever Mr. Bernhard Shaw dares to question—said that madmen, and poets and lovers were all the same. At some time we are all mad, or rhyming, or loving; at some time we, too, have been in the mood to sit all night on a moor, waiting the sun. ceme over the bridge, and under

he sunlit Hercules. The host said: "You made a night of it, eh? An ar-"I'm not an artist; I'm theoretically broker on Wall street, and practically-

He looked at the Hercules who knew, "a They came back from Good Ground without finding her.

"Of course, she was at Southampton."
"How do you know?" asked the host, suddenly suspicious.
"Hum-I know Miss Amelia Fennell well: es, very well," said Dalton. The Hercules—there against the meadow and bay, now sparkling under the sunknew how well; for Great Hercules is a god, who, Paganism teaches, possesses his

mind, and, what's more, his heart. Conflagration by a Monse, Miss Clara Evans and a mouse, the one teacher in a Baltimore public school and

mages; and a god, of course, knows a man's

the other a resident of the same building

a teacher in a Baltimore public school and the other a resident of the same building, coilided while traversing their respective orbits one day this week, and so startling were the noises which chaued that a panic among the children present was the result. They rushed for the door and down stairs in widest terror, and a citizen who saw them emerge tumultuously into the street promptly turned in an alarm of fire from the nearest box. When the engines arrived the entire neighborhood was filled with excitement and mothers, but finally Miss Evans managed to explain most of the trouble.

Land Hungry.

The failure of A. T. Hatch, the largest fruit grower in California, has excited much comment in that state. Hatch's collapse is due entirely to his mania for land buying. He has the finest fruit ranch in the state—960 acres in one piece—in Solano county, and from this his profits in some years have been \$250,000. But he could not resist the temptation to buy more land and plant it in fruit trees. For two years orchards have not paid, as there has been noon sale for the fruit in the cast and Europe, and Hatch's revenue has been nothing. Interest has accumulated and mortgages on his fanches will now be foreclosed. It is doubtful whether his property, worth \$1,500,000, will bring over \$500,000. Which is the amount of his indebtedness. Hatch was the first to try sending fruit to London.

The dry goods merchant was explaining the situation to the new drummer he had just employed, relates the Detroit Free

"Don't know him."

"The isodiord, you ninny," the other leried, in the tone of a most exasperated in fig.

"I think he's gone to bed. Who, sir, is the young lady?" Dalton queried, wonder
"To avoid temptation." he said, mounting.

"To avoid temptation." he said, mounting.

"To avoid temptation." he said, mounting.

"To avoid temptation." he said, mounting figures in the moonshine, that showed now a gabled roof, and always the far watery a bill of goods if I have to hang on to him for a week."

Charles and the contract of th

Current Literature A STREET OF THE PROPERTY OF TH

A timely and striking feature in the December Midland Monthly is a sketch of "The Coming 'First Lady in the Land,' " contributed by Mrs. C. F. McLean of Cincinnati, who had been specially commissioned to visit the McKinleys at Canton and obtain pictures and data for this purpose. A description by N. Tjernagel, with full-page pictures, of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives; an illustrated sketch of Fairhope, the Alabama colony of single taxers, by J. Bellangee; a Christmas sketch of fifty years ago, a prize story and stories of love

and adventure are included in this number. Among topics discussed in the current Municipal Engineering are "Development of the American Portland Cement Industry." by Frederick H. Lawis: "Usefulness of Various Kinds of Stone for Highways," by Robert Grimshaw, C. E., "Investigation of Qualof Water for Public Use," by A. S. Tut-; "Sand Filtration of Philadelphia Water Supply," and "Specifications for Repair of Asphalt Pavements."

Harper's for December is a feast in art and literature. The cover, designed by Howard Pyle, is very beautiful and thoroughly in keeping with a Christmas number. The in Keeping with a Christmas number. The frontispiece is an engraving by Frank French of Guy Rose's "Joseph Asking Shelter for Mary." The "Christmas Carol." by Nina Frances Layard, is very appropriate to the season. Howard Pyle's "Homance of an Ambrotype" is a delightful story of civil war times. Poultney Bigelow continues his "White Marie Africa" which has tree ad-"White Man's Africa," which has two admirable cuts of President Kruger. "How the Law Got Into the Chaparral," by Frederick Remington, is profusely illustrated and is a stirring article. William Dean Howells writes entertainingly of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The article is well illustrated. There is a picture of Holmes' cottage, Bev-erly Farms, Beverly-by-the-Depot, as the

Autocrat once called it in writing to an Anglomaniac friend.

Few holiday publications are more charming and none excel in the variety of attractve Illustrations and excerpts than the Christmas number of the Book Buyer. Of more than ordinary size, the volume is rich in its exhibition of the choicest pages from the best holiday productions of the season. The number affords an excellent opportunity o learn what is being done in the way holiday publications.

The December Arena opens with an em inently sensible article on "The Relation of Art to Religion," by the widely known sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, and prominent among other thoughtful and timely contributions to this number is Elt word Pomeroy's illustrated paper on "The Concentration of Wealth." The article shows by carefully compiled statistics the accelerating tendency of wealth to concentrate in the hands of a few and indicates the langers lurking in such a situation.

After devoting several paragraphs to lucid and instructive analysis of the results of the presidential election, the editor of the Review of Reviews under the department "The Progress of the World," in the De cember number, proceeds to review the history of the efforts to obtain arbitration of fine reading from Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" is also given and one from Mrs.

Barr's "Knight of the Nets." The December plans for Harper's Bazar, it is announced, include some notable Christ-mas features. Stories by Mary E. Wilkins and Elia W. Peattle, entitled respectively "An Unlucky Christmas" and "A Shylock of the Sandhille," will be begun, with illustrations by Keller and De Thulstrup. / play entitled "One Disinterested Friend," by Caroline Ticknor, and a variety of papers telling of Christmas dinners, Christmas gifts, and Christmas pleasures in general will round out the year.

Outing for December opens with "The ectoral Cross," a powerful story of the stage, by Justine Ingersoll. A second complete story is "Zinto," by H. F. Munn, deal-ing with life among the Indians about Great Slave lake. Among other interesting topics are "Hares and Hare Hunting," "At the Top of Europe." "American Amateur Athletics of '96" and "Golf in America to

Godey's Magazine for December has an escial Christmas time flavor. The fronth piece is a reproduction of did painting of Gherardo della Notte the Shepherds Two Christmas materies brighten number, "The Santa Claus of the Midland Rallway," by Clarence Herbert "A Hard Times Christmas," Rupert Hughes. A strong special feature is the article by Grace E. Drew on "Art and Fashion in Dinner Giving." This contribution gives so much valuable information that the homemaker woman who does no read it will lose a great deal that is worth the knowing. The subject has been thor-oughly digested, is amply illustrated with pictures of the dinner table properly and improperly arranged, and covers almost

every contingency that may arise to per plex and annoy a hostess. The near approach of Christmastide is signalized by the appearance of the Decembe St. Nicholas, for this issue of the maga zine is full of Christmas stories, poems and pictures. Of particular interest to boys and girls is Edwin S. Wallace's description of Christmas in Bethlehem." tells of the famous old Church of the Na-tivity, built above the grotto where the

Christ child lay in the rude manger. The Christmas Scribner has another those brilliant and beautiful covers in and colors that first attracted popular favor on last summer's Fiction number. Another est efforts, in which he takes his party to example of successful color printing is in the twelve pages of decorative design which Oliver Herford has made, to accom pany Kenneth Grahame's story, "The Magi Ring." This story describes the first visi of some children to a circus. The fanciful treatment of it exactly suits Mr. Herford's very original talent as an illustrator. other novelty in illustration is Grieffenha-gen's qualit pictures and cross-texts to ac-company F. J. Stimson's "Law-Latin Love Story"-a thirteenth-century romance fiction of the number is represented by less than nine complete short stories. Rich ard Harding Davis in "The Last Ride To gives the meditations of one Jameson's Transvaal raiders on the way prison after sentence, and a story of mys-tery entitled "The Square Diamond," which gives glimpses of India, is contributed

The numbers of St. Nicholas for the pas year, bound up in two parts, contain the material for half a dozen of the usual juve nile books. There are more than a thousar pages in all, and more than 700 pictures Four complete, richly illustrated seria stories are "The Swordmaker's Son," by W. O. Stoddard; "The Prize Cup," by J. T. Trowbridge; "Teddy and Carrots," by James Otis, and "Sindbad, Smith & Co.," by Albert Stearns. Besides these there are scores of stories sketches and pooms that make the stories, sketches and poems that make spe-cial appeal to boys and girls. There are also a number of patriotic articles and hosts of true stories about distinguished people and about animals, as well as tales of adventur and brave achievement. In order that the imagination may not be neglected there are fanciful tales and fairy stories, as well as stories about every-day, nineteenth-century boys and girls themselves. The Century

lompany, New York. Bound in gorgeous colors and breathing sunshine in every page, Father Tuck's Nur sery Series will be a joy to thousands of little tots when Christmas comes again. One may readily imagine the contents from the titles: "The Land of Sunshine," "Rip Van Winkle," "Three Jolly Sallors," "Peaches,," "Baby's A B C," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" and "All Baba and the Forty Thieves." Raphael Tuck & Sons, limited, Nev

"My Brother" is an exciting tale by Vincent Brown. The hero is a queer college character known as "the prophet," and generally regarded as a harmless weakling. When the village beauty is ruined by Lord Lusson her brother kills the seducer and then flees. Meanwhile "the prophet," having gone to the Lusson's mansion for the purpose of getting him to make amends to the pone to the land of the land of the pose of getting him to make amends to the girl, is found near the dead body of the murdered man. He is selzed, tried and hanged without telling where the crime belonged. The tragical portion of the story is written with much fervor. Rand, McNally & Co.

New York, and Megeath's.
"Four Young! Explorers or Sight Seeing in the Tropics" is one of Oliver Optic's lat-Venezuelan boundary dispute with Great Britain, which have finally resulted successfully, explaining the attitude of the United States in the controversy; discusses the merits and demerits of the Cleveland ad-

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THE YOUTH'S

The list of those who will contribute to The Youth's Companion during the coming year is, as usual, long and brilliant. It includes not only popular writers of fiction, but also some of the most eminent naval officers, travellers and explorers, men of science



HON. THOMAS B. REED.

Life and Work at Washington.

All the members of the present American Cabinet but three have written for its columns. During the coming year the following features of national work will be described by members of the national government: EARLY DAYS OF THE POST-OFFICE, HON, WM, L. WILSON, Postmaster-Gen'l. BUILDING A WAR-SHIP, HON, HILARY A. HERBERT, Secretary Navy. WHAT THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL DOES, HON. JUDSON HARMON. THE LIFE OF A SENATOR, HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE.

When Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister he contributed to THE COMPANION, as did Mr. Blaine when Secretary of State.

THE LIFE OF A CONGRESSMAN. For Ambitious Boys.

THE HABIT OF THRIFT. BECOMING A DOCTOR, HOW LINCOLN EDUCATED HIMSELF, For Ambitious Girls.

Andrew Carnegie. | TRAINING THE VOICE, Madame Lillian Nordica. Andrew Carnegie. TRAINING THE VOICE,
Dr. Austin Flint. A GIRL WHO BECAME FAMOUS,
Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Jesse W. Weik. NURSING AS A CAREER, FORESTRY AS A PROFESSION. Gifford Pinchot. MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS. Elizabeth Bisland. Carroll D. Wright, FLOWER-GROWING FOR PROFIT, Rene Bache.

Popular Writers for 1897.

In addition to twenty-five staff writers, The Companion Contributors include not only the most popular writers of fiction, but some of the most eminent Statesmen, Scientists, Travellers and Musicians

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.

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Miss Alice Longfellow. Edward Everett Hale. Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.

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Rich Color Calendar

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

ministration now drawing to a close, criticising with especial vigor the president's Turkish policy; describes the latest phases of the European situation, with reference to the eastern question and the Franco-Russian alliance; comments on Lord Rosebery's sian alliance; comments on Lord Rosebery's in English politics-making most interesting and valuable summary of the world's important doings for the mont just passed. A feature of this issue is the enterprise in text-editing and translating known as the "Polychrome Bible." "Som Estimates of the Year's Literary Output are offered by experts, Mr. Hamilton W Mabie treating of the departments of fic tion, poetry and belles-letters; Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of history and political sci-

ence; and Mr. Ripley Hitchcock of popula The Christmas McClure's is a fiction num ber containing stories by Rudyard Kipling Frank A. Stockton and Ian Maclaren. Cyrus Adams gives an account of Dr. Nansen's dventures and achievements, accompanied with numerous illustrations. Hamlin Gar land writes of "The Early Life of Ulysse The cover is decorated with one Grant." Poticelli's most famous madonnas, spe

ally redrawn by Henry McCarter. Among the special features of the De-Christman legend. "The Three Low Massen by Alphonse Daudet; a Yuletide legend o King Arthur's country; two pages of Christ mas verse, and a timely reproduction of Washington Irving's "Christmas Feast a Saigon, in French Cochin China, across the China sea to Manilla, in the Philippine islands and thence to Hong Kong, Shanghai and Pekin. The adventures narrated, coupled with the information disseminated are fully up to the usual standard in the interest

they arouse. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Thomas Kilpatrick & Co. "A Brief History of the Nations and Their Progress in Civilization," by George Park Fisher, LL. D., a new work designed for high schools, is a scholarly production, in which the leading events of ancient, mediaeval and modern history are fully presented. However, forces, principles and s life are dealt with, rather than mere of dynastic and military history, and the work forms an impressive drama of the unfolding civilization of the world from the earliest historical period to the times of Binarck and Gladstone. Although ancient his ory is fully treated, a larger amount of space is given to the more modern periods than usual. American Book company, Chicago, MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

The Ladies' Home Journal. The Curti Publishing company, Philadelphia. The Pocket Magazine. Frederick A stokes company, New York, St. Nicholas. The Century company, New

Harper's Magazine, Harper & Bros., Nev Godey's Magazine. The Godey company The Pail Mall Magazine. The Interna ional News company, New York. What to Eat. Pierce & Pierce, Minneap

The Black Cat. The Short Story Publishing ompany, Boston. The Strand Magazine. The International News company, New York, The Cosmopolitan, Irvington, N. Y. The Eseteric, Eseteric Publishing com-The Esoteric, Esoteric Publishing com-pany, Applegate, Cal.
The English Illustrated Magazine. The In-ernational News company, New York.
Cassell's Family Magazine. The Cassell

Publishing company, New York, Scribner's Magazine, Charles Scribner's ons, New York. BOOKS RECEIVED. Francis P. Harper, New York: "Walt hitman, the asson, Cloth; \$1.75.

Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago Scott, Foresman & Company, William Cletting On in the World," by William Cloth; \$2. "Primitive "Getting On in the World," Mathews, LL.D. Cloth; \$2. Mathews, LL.D. Cloth; 42. "Primitive Buddhism." by Elizabeth A. Reed, A. M

P. Tennyson Neely, New York: "Her Rescue From the Turks," by George Rathborne.
Paper, 50 cents.
American Book company, Chicago: "First American Book company, Chicago; "First Year in German," by I. Keller, Cloth, \$1.
"A Brief History of the Nations and Their Progress in Civilization," by George Park Fisher, D. D., LL.D. Cloth, \$1.50, "The Mastery of Books," by Henry Lyman Koop-man, Cloth, 90 cents.

J. S. Oglivie Publishing company, New York, "The Filips to Dach," by Luke Loary

The Flirt to Death," by Luke Leary FROM MEGEATH STATIONERY CO. Harper Brothers, New York: "A Rebel

Frost. Cloth; \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Genuine Girl," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York: "Not All the King's Horses," by Katharine Elwes Thomas, Cloth; 210 pages. Frederick A. Stokes' company, New York: 'Classical Authors,' by R. B. Holt. Cloth;

112 pages. Fire," by Fiona Macleod. Cloth; 287 pages. Aspects of Fiction," by Brander Matthews. Noth; 234 pages. "A Primer of College Cloth: 234 pages. Foot Ball," by W. H. Lewis. Paper; 205 pages, "Iras: A Mystery," by Theo. Douglas, Cloth; 251 pages, "Limitations," a novel, by E. F. Benson, Cloth; 313 pages. FROM THOMAS KILPATRICK & CO.,

OMAHA. Lee & Shepard, Boston: "Four Young Explorers; or, Sightseeing in the Tropics, by Oliver Optic, Cloth; \$1.50.

IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE.

A Dying Man Makes Notes of His Condition. A man, supposed to be E. L. Bryan of Pittsburg, Pa., committed suicide in the Kimball house, Chicago, Monday, and while awaiting death made notes of the sensations he xperienced after taking a dose of lau-"Drank an ounce of laudanum at 6:40 o'clock. After five minutes feel better. Heart action more pronounced. Slight pain

in stomach. Ten minutes—Condition about the same; pulse rapid and pains in wrist;

slight pains in region of heart; a feeling of dullness, with more pain in all parts of the Note-I will keep up the description of effects as long as possible. Hope it will be of use to medical science. Eyes show change. A feeling of drowsiness coming on. A sort of feeling of intoxication, accompanied by slight pains. Twenty minutes-Pain increasing. Am getting sleepy; have numb feeling, no pain."

Here the notes stopped abruptly, and they were found on the table on which his lifeless head rested. The cause of suicide is In addition to the note, the suicide left following letter to the proprietor of the hotel:

"To the Man that Keeps the Hotel-Dear Sir: I am awful sorry to cause you this annoyance. You will get some undesirable advertising out of it, and upon the whole it won't pay you. Still, such things must occur somewhere. In all sincerity, I hope you won't think I would have harmed your house for any motive except accident. Regretting the trouble I cause you and trusting that you will regard the incident as triffing, I am, sir, with great regret no more,

"E. L. BRYAN (no relative to W. J.)" Inclined his head.
"It is unquestionably true," he said. "I understand they caught one of the mariness trying to rush the can." Another letter read as follows:

Hous Heroine," by John Kendricks Bangs.
Cloth; 225 pages. "Gascoigne's Ghost," by
G. P. Burgin. Cloth; 216 pages. "The
Dwarfs' Tailor," by Zoe Dana Underhill.
Cloth; 269 pages. "Love in the Backwoods,"
by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. Cloth; 249
pages. "In the First Person," by Maria
Louise Pool. Cloth: 315 pages.

Charles Scribner's Sons New York: "The Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: "The one regret was that he left nothing that caused a tear. My case is the same, but Court of King Arthur," by William Henry I don't regret it at all. Hopelessly handlcapped by bad health, by injustice, and by

disappointment, I give up the struggle. I die because I cannot live."

HER ASHES IN A CAN. Widower's Strange Tribute to the Memory of His Wife.

A Widower's Strange Tribute to the Memory of His Wife.

For several years Louis Lehr, a laboring man of Memphis, Tenn., has carried with him as his constant companion a can looking much like an ordinary paint or oil receptacle, with a top which screws on, but which, so far as any one knows, has never been removed.

If he had been seen with the can only once or twice or a dozen times it might not have attracted attention, but when those who know Lehr found that this commonplace object was the constant companion of his life, night and day, they began to wonder what it contained. Some of them asked him about it, now jokingly and again seriously, but he never had any satisfactory answer to give.

The first thing when he got up in the morning Lehr got the can. He carried it to the various points about the city where his duties called him. He stood it, while he worked, where he could see it constantly, and going home in the evening he carried it carefully with him. At night it stands on a little table close to his bedwakes.

The longer those who knew him watched

wakes.

The longer those who knew him watched this performance the more mysterious did it seem, and the more lively was their curiosity. One day last spring some fellow laborers One day last spring some fellow laborers, hought to play a joke on Lehr by removing the curious little can when its owner was not looking and hiding it. When the usually quiet and reserved man discovered that the precious object was gone it changed him into something like a madeau. The two culprits alarmed by his ex-

changed him into something like a mad-man. The two culprits, alarmed by his ex-cited state, confessed their joke and re-turned the can.

If it had not been for the interference of others Lehr might have gone to the gal-lows for that day's work. Before help-could reach them both men had been felled, by an iron bar that stood handy, and, as it was thought at the time, fathily injured. They recovered afterward, but the incident showed more clearly than eyer the in-tensity of Lehr's feelings about the mys-terlous can.

terious can.

It now appears that the can contained the ashes of his dead wife. At her death, she had requested that her body be cremated. Lebr carried out her wish, and, heartbroken at her death, determined never to be separated from her ashes. This accounts for his constant care of the tincan, or urn, as it proved to be.

Chicago Post: The enthusiastic patriot came excited. "I see there is great excitement at the avy yard," he said. The man who was just as much of a pa-riot but not quite so vociferous about it selined his head.

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